

Rumours by thevault

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Summary:

“I can see you, Harrington!” It was Billy’s voice, loud and irate, that came from the other side of the door. He’d stopped trying to bang the door down, no doubt staring at Steve’s own murky silhouette through the panels of glass.

Of *course* it was Billy, who the fuck else would it be?

Rumours

Author's Note:

wow look at me i'm still alive and kicking!! sorry this update took so long, hope ya like it.

not sure if i should warn about this so i'm gonna; for a little bit in the story Steve refers to himself as the 'girl' to their relationship, mostly because he's only ever known a relationship through a straight point of view. also, it's implied that Billy got beat up by his dad.

The Harrington house was empty as usual, eerily quiet and unsettling. Steve used to like it like this, alone, not a soul in sight, liked knowing he could bring any girl he wanted home with him, whenever he wanted. But now, Steve wasn't interested in bringing girls home and every creak and echo had him looking over his shoulder, struck with paralyzing fear that a demodog could come sprinting down his hallway at any minute, that whatever had sucked Barb into the Upside Down would suck him in, too. That freeing feeling of having the house to himself had worn off long ago, and now Steve spent most nights too afraid to leave his bedroom, every door and window locked and checked twice.

As much as Steve used to brag about having parents that were never home, truth be told, he never really liked it *that* much. It wasn't that he missed his parents or anything, because he didn't. His dad was an asshole more than he was a father and his mother always just sat by quietly, the occasional dismissal of his father's words on her lips. But being alone in a big house just always felt so... hollow. He tried to fill it when he could, with friends and girlfriends and hook-ups, but now his only friend was away at camp and also, pathetically, a fourteen year-old boy.

There was always Billy, of course, the shining, golden light at the end of Steve's very dark, empty tunnel. He was the one who filled Steve's space now, and he liked it that way, but Billy was always the one to initiate, so Steve didn't want to... *overstep*. He'd already followed

Billy to a party he had no business being at just because he was that desperate to see him, he didn't need to embarrass himself like that again. The worst part was, Billy had seen right through him, but at least he wasn't alone in his bed that night.

And if Steve was being completely honest, Billy almost seemed *flattered* by the way he'd chased after him like a stray dog.

That was only a couple of nights ago and Steve was already *missing* him, which was incredibly ironic in ways that he didn't really feel like delving into right now; he'd like to get to sleep at some point here, thanks. But still, Steve found himself staring longingly at the empty space in his bed beside him, and he swore if he closed his eyes and concentrated hard enough, he could still feel Billy's warmth seeped into the sheets. Sometimes, Steve found himself 'accidentally' rolling onto the spare pillow so he could catch the faint remnants of Billy's shampoo still embedded in the fabric, could picture those blonde curls pooled out around his head like a halo while he grinned at Steve like he'd just told a funny joke even though there were no words between them at all.

There was a time when Nancy Wheeler did this to him, got his head all foggy and wrapped up around every single detail about her.

It was scary to think *that* could be happening all over again, no less with Billy Hargrove, sworn rival of *King Steve*. But it couldn't, it *wasn't*, Billy was just a friend and Steve had a tendency to get... attached to people too quickly. Which probably had to do with the fact that he was alone most of the time, and didn't that just bring everything into a neat little circle? Loneliness leads to attachment issues, who would've thought.

A loud, rasping knock to the front door had Steve jolting out of his thoughts and out of his bed, reflexively reaching for the nail-studded bat he kept propped up between his nightstand and the edge of his bed. There were a few moments where he stood still, heart racing as he bobbed the bat in his hands, ears ringing with adrenaline. It wasn't until the knock repeated itself, more urgent this time, that Steve snapped out of it and talked himself down from the ledge.

"Demodogs aren't gonna knock, asshole," Steve muttered to himself

as he ran a hand through his hair, taking a deep, steadying breath.

Steve slowly made his way through the house, bat still clutched tight in one hand as he flipped on every light switch he passed. When he reached the top of the stairs he paused, staring down at the front door with wide eyes as he waited for something horrible to happen. He could see through to warped glass that someone was pacing, rather irritably, out front, a frantic ball of energy that only stopped to knock a third time, even louder.

“I can see you, Harrington!” It was Billy’s voice, loud and irate, that came from the other side of the door. He’d stopped trying to bang the door down, no doubt staring at Steve’s own murky silhouette through the panels of glass.

Of *course* it was Billy, who the fuck else would it be? He should have known at the first knock, and if he hadn’t been so caught up in his thoughts he probably would have heard Billy speeding down his driveway, too, no doubt coming to a squealing stop before he rushed the front door. Steve felt stupid for getting so caught up in his own nightmares and shoved the bat into a nearby linen closet, long past the intimidation stage of their relationship.

“Are you gonna open the fuckin’ door?” Billy shouted again, smacking one of the glass panels with his palm for emphasis

“Jesus, I’m coming, calm down!” Steve shouted back as he scurried down the steps, heart still a flutter but in a much different way now.

Billy was mad, Steve could tell that much just by his muddled frame through the glass and the tone of his voice. For a moment, Steve was worried that Billy was angry with him, worried that he might have done something wrong or let something slip to the wrong person. The idea made his gut sink and his hand trembled where he reached for the lock, twisting it loose before he swung the door open harder than he’d intended to.

Relief definitely wasn’t the word Steve would use to describe what he felt when he saw Billy standing at his front door. He *thought* that was what he would feel, eager to finally see the other boy again, thankful that Billy’s rage wasn’t directed towards him. But all Steve could feel

was dread, that sinking feeling in his stomach sinking lower, fingers curling into tight fists and his face pinched with concern.

Billy had a fat lip, blood smeared across his jaw where he must have tried to wipe it away, and a bruise blossoming on the apple of his cheek. Steve didn't need to ask where he'd gotten them from, knew by the look in Billy's eyes that this had *Neil* written all over it. Billy's eyes were bloodshot and glossy, his jaw set tight with *fury*. He looked like he was about to burst at the seams, practically shaking with his emotions, or rather the effort to keep them tamed.

Billy never talked about it, about Neil or the way he hurt him, just quiet complaints when he thought no one was listening. But Steve was always listening these days, and between the whispers at school and the simple arithmetic that Billy had bruises and nobody else in school did, it didn't take long to connect the dots. Even for Steve.

"Are you all right?" Steve asked quietly, eyes studying the cut on his lip, the ugly yellow of a fresh bruise on his cheek. He just wanted to help, always wanted to help, wanted to keep everyone *safe*.

"No," Billy said simply, voice tight, close to cracking. Steve knew Billy was okay *physically*, for the most part, he could take more than a few good jabs to the face, which Steve knew from experience (the memory of their fight made him wince, the idea of hurting Billy like *that* seeming so bizarre and foreign to him now). So if Billy was okay physically, then it was mentally, *emotionally* that he wasn't. And in that regard, Steve was afraid he couldn't help, or really that Billy wouldn't let him.

Without thinking, Steve took a step closer to the other boy, breaching the threshold so he could gently take one of Billy's hands in his own. It was so much bigger, stronger, *warmer* than his own, rough from use and abuse.

"I don't want to talk about it," Billy said suddenly, in a rush, his eyes casting downward to where their hands hung loosely between them. He squeezed Steve's hand tight, quickly, before he let go completely and met his eyes again, this time hard as steel, much less vulnerable.

"Okay..." Steve tucked his hands into the pockets of his sweatpants

self-consciously, palms sweaty with nerves.

“Can we...,” Billy paused and cleared his throat to help even his tone, tried again, “let’s go for a ride.”

Steve looked down at himself, at his socked feet and baggy t-shirt. He wasn’t exactly dressed to go anywhere, and even though summer nights in Indiana weren’t *cold* there was still a chill to the air that cut through the thin fabric of his pajamas. He looked back up at Billy, a little perplexed, and then to the idling Camaro in his driveway.

“Sure, I’ll go change.” Steve started to swivel to head back inside but was caught by the arm, Billy’s grip tight around his bicep as he took half a step closer to the other boy.

“What you’re wearing is fine,” Billy said, giving a gentle tug to Steve’s arm to entice him back to the door. His grip around Steve’s arm loosened, almost caressed as he let his fingertips drag down the inside of his bicep before getting caught at Steve’s elbow. “I don’t wanna go anywhere, I just wanna drive.”

The way Billy was looking at him could only be described as desperate. His face was pleading, eyebrows knitted together and shoulders tense, those crystal clear blue eyes clouding up with a storm of emotions that sent urgency tingling up Steve’s spine. Okay, joy riding with Billy Hargrove in his pajamas it was, then.

“Can I at least put my shoes on?” Steve asked with an arched brow, though there was a hint of a smile on his lips, hoping to lighten the mood. It seemed to work, the corner of Billy’s lips twitching like he *wanted* to smile but couldn’t quite bring himself to yet. He released Steve’s arm and nodded, taking a step back from the door frame as he wiggled his hands into the impossibly tight pockets of his jeans.

Steve pulled on the closest pair of sneakers he could reach in the messy pile beside the door, jamming his index finger in the heel of his shoe in his haste. The sense of urgency in his veins was unnerving, making him jittery and tense, like if he took too long Billy would turn tail any second and head off into the night without him.

Grabbing his keys from the credenza, Steve followed Billy to his car

after he triple-checked that the front door was securely locked, keys jingling from the tremble in his fingers. Billy was already in the driver's seat when he turned around, staring blankly through the windshield as he waited for Steve to stop fiddling with the door like he was stuck in some OCD loop.

The Camaro sat lower to the ground than Steve's BMW did, built for performance and speed rather than comfort and smooth riding. Steve always seemed to fall, quite literally, into the passenger's seat because of it, landing with a heavy thud in the curved racing seat. He was still reaching for his seatbelt when Billy threw the car in reverse and planted his hand firm on the back of Steve's seat, using the leverage to peer over his shoulder as he zipped down the driveway like a bat out of hell.

Billy's foot was like lead on the pedal, driving faster than Steve ever wanted to witness as rows and rows of trees whizzed by in a blur. Billy was silent beside him, sticking to his guns about *not talking about it*, eyes wide and almost manic as he concentrated on the road. It was unsettling going so fast, Steve's heart racing in his chest as the darkness opened up to them under the illumination of the Camaro's headlights, and if Steve was being honest, he wasn't sure of what he was more scared of: Billy's car veering off the road and wrapping around a tree, or some inter-dimensional creature darting into the halogen beam of Billy's headlights.

The ride was quiet for a long, long time, just the sounds of the occasional pot hole and the crackling intensity coming off of Billy filling the interior of the Camaro. Steve wanted to say something, *anything* to end this tense silence, but each glance he could sneak in Billy's direction only had him pursing his lips tighter and tighter.

Billy's tires slipped as they made a sharp turn onto the dirt road that led to the quarry, Steve's mind unable to process how they'd even gotten there so damn fast. Billy took reckless driving to a completely different level, and thinking back on it, Steve realized he probably should have offered to drive with the state that Billy was in. But who was he kidding? Billy would never let someone else behind the wheel of his precious Camaro, the only thing that Billy could call his *own*.

Steve was thankful as the Camaro finally came to a halting stop, Billy

slamming on the brakes hard enough that Steve jerked forward in his seat. The quarry was laid out before them, Billy's tires unnervingly close to the edge of the cliff. The moon reflected off the water's surface down below, so eerily still that it could have been mistaken for a mirror.

Steve used to have fond memories of the spot, of bringing girls here to kiss them and grope their chests, selling them on the romanticism of privacy and a wonderful view. He'd even brought Nancy here, once, kissed her under the stars and told her he loved her. She'd just wanted to go home, pulled her baby pink cardigan tighter around her small frame as she looked out at the dense forest, fear evident in those big, innocent eyes.

He could relate, now.

Now, the place seemed a little abhorrent after all of the shit that revolved around it. But Steve could understand why Billy would come here, especially since he was still so unwittingly in the dark about everything. What Steve wouldn't give to know nothing, for once in his life.

His attention was conveniently pulled elsewhere when Billy opened the center console and rooted around in it for a little while, the unmistakable clatter of plastic cassette tapes echoing through the car. Steve watched him pull one free and couldn't help but smile a little, music always a part of their love language, filling the space neither of them ever seemed to be capable of with words.

The only thing Steve could focus on as Billy practically punched the cassette into the tape deck was the bloodied scrapes on his knuckles. Some were fresh, new wounds, the blood drying on them still glistening red. Others were old, torn-open scabs, dried up to only be opened again. Self-inflicted, if Steve had to guess, damage caused by a wall or a door, perhaps a tree.

It only took seconds for Steve to recognize the iconic sound of Fleetwood Mac filtering through the speakers as the tape started to play, his mind reeling at the soft, dulcet tune. Steve thought of the Metallica albums that Billy forced him to suffer through, the way he'd bounce around with all that pent-up energy like the music

helped channel it somehow. Thought about how Billy had taught him to head-bang, grin plastered on his face, the energy around them similar to that night at the Byers', but for once not directed at *each other*.

But it was the tranquil voice of Stevie Nicks that Billy chose when surrounded by his own chaotic energy. Unexpected, to say the least.

And then finally, *finally* Billy did something, scrubbed his hands over his face and let out what Steve could only describe as a growl, animalistic and so, so angry. Steve nearly jumped out of his skin when Billy slammed his hands against the steering wheel and turned to look at Steve, those ocean blue eyes a dark, confusing mix of emotions. Steve couldn't tell if he was going to cry or scream or both, but what he certainly wasn't expecting was a tight fist gripping the front of his shirt.

The force with which Billy pulled Steve into him was almost painful, their lips crashing together so hard that Steve thought his lip might have split open as their teeth clinked together. It only took a moment for Steve to realize the blood he was tasting was Billy's and not his own, the cut on his lip still fresh enough to burst open easily. It was kind of gross, if Steve was being honest, the warm blood settling on his tongue with that familiar coppery tang. But he let Billy take what he needed, whimpering softly into the kiss as his lips were pried open and practically feasted upon.

His own hands found their way to the soft material of Billy's red, mostly unbuttoned shirt, pulling Billy just a little bit closer so he wasn't craning his neck so far. Billy came easily, the leather seat creaking as he shifted his weight. The hand tangled in Steve's shirt softened, like Billy was trying to remind himself to be gentle, until he eventually let go, instead bringing his hand up to cup the side of Steve's face. His fingertips scratched idly at Steve's hairline, just behind his ear, and Steve hummed appreciatively against Billy's lips.

When they parted Billy was out of breath, his lips a whole new layer of swollen as he breathed open-mouthed into the space between them, tongue idly lapping up the fresh blood on his lip in a way that shouldn't have gotten Steve so worked up. Billy held him there, foreheads pressed together, the tips of their noses touching as *Dreams*

softly drifted through the silence between them. There were a few beats where Billy just held them there, eyelashes resting softly against his cheeks where his eyes lay shut, leaving Steve with absolutely nothing to gauge how Billy might be feeling.

“I need you,” finally came the gruff, tired plea, and although Steve was sure that Billy meant more of an *immediate* need, the kind that burned hot under their skin and got them all carried away, he still couldn’t help but feel like there was some underlying confession there, bleeding out between the lines. But Steve knew better than to trust his own judgement, knew how easily he could get himself wrapped up in his thoughts to make himself believe something was there that, quite frankly, was not.

So, instead, Steve took the other route, stretched his lips into a sly little smile and pulled the bottom one between his teeth. All *King Steve*.

“Yeah, big guy?” Steve murmured softly, tilting his head *just so*, so that his lips brushed Billy’s as he spoke. His cheeks were already hot with a flush as he squirmed in his seat a little, the anticipation making his nerves vibrate impatiently.

Billy’s eyes snapped open at that, only making Steve divert his own. His gaze slipped down to those sore, swollen lips, smeared with some blood and bruising around the edges, and yet still so *inviting*. Steve wasn’t given much time to consider the damage done though as the hand on his cheek slid to the back of his head, tangling thick fingers into unruly hair. When Steve dared to glance up at those stormy eyes he was met with every bit of intensity he’d expected and more, and suddenly Steve was entranced, unable to look away.

Steve thought Billy was going to kiss him again, even had his lips just slightly puckered, ready for the next attack. But Billy didn’t kiss him, just started leaning back but never relenting his grip in Steve’s hair, guiding him along until Steve had to place a hand on the center console and plant a knee in his seat to keep his balance, one foot braced against the floor. He was practically bent over now, his other hand reaching for the steering wheel blindly so he didn’t fall face-first into Billy’s crotch.

Billy wasn't so much leaning away anymore as he was just pulling Steve along, his strength mixed with Steve's willingness making for easy maneuvering. Billy was sitting back in his seat, casual, legs spread wide and inviting. But Steve was lost here, didn't know what Billy *wanted*, wasn't used to being the *girl*. So he held their positions this way for a while, Steve bent precariously over the center console, palm sweaty where he strained to keep a hold of the slippery leather of the steering wheel.

And then Steve remembered why he used to bring girls here, that dirty fantasy every guy had of a pretty girl bouncing on his lap, fogging up the windows—

Except now *Steve* was the girl and Billy wanted to get his windows all fogged up with *him*. The realization sent a thrill down his spine and Billy, the bastard, stretched his lips wide into a knowing grin, all pearly white teeth and unabashed. Steve glanced at the ceiling first and tried to mentally measure what little space he'd have to move, to *bounce*, silently wishing they'd taken the BMW instead.

But he could make this work, sure, no problem. Never mind the fact that he'd never ridden— rode?— a dick before, but yeah, he could make this work in Billy's fucking *two-door sports car*. Now Steve glanced down at Billy's lap, breath stuttering in his lungs at the sight of the hard outline of Billy's cock where it was trapped in his too-tight jeans against his thigh. He wasn't fully hard yet, no, Billy was *much* bigger than that, and if anything it only made Steve determined to get him there.

"*Like what ya see?*" Billy whispered close to his ear, tickling him with his breath and sending goosebumps prickling across Steve's skin. Suddenly, Steve's mouth felt so *dry*, and he had to wet his lips a few times before he could speak.

"Yeah...", was all Steve could manage to whisper as he readied himself, and in one, not-at-all-graceful motion, swung his leg over as far as he could without totally making a fool of himself.

His knee hit the driver's side door before it landed hard next to Billy's thigh, his other leg still kind of stuck over the emergency brake where his sweatpants snagged on it. Both of his hands were now

planted on either side of the headrest where he'd had to catch himself, fingers digging into the soft, worn leather for purchase. His ass was pressing into the bottom of the steering wheel and his neck was craned downwards so he didn't hit his head, body bent at weird angles.

Billy wasn't laughing, per se, at least not yet. That grin on his face had grown, the corners of his eyes crinkling up, and even though it was at Steve's expense, it was such a relief to see him smiling. Steve felt his heart leap, *dangerously*, and instead focused on wriggling his other leg free from where it was caught on the e-brake, letting it fit snug between Billy's thick thigh and the center console.

"Hold on, princess," Billy muttered so smug, leaned forward until his face was pressed into Steve's chest and Steve could have *sworn* Billy took a deep inhale, as if he were smelling a bouquet of roses or an expensive meal.

Steve didn't want to think too hard about how much he liked the idea of being some *expensive meal* for Billy to feast upon.

Steve had no idea what Billy was doing, not until one big, strong hand groped at one of Steve's tense ass cheeks and the seat suddenly slid all the way back in one violent motion. Steve couldn't help but jump in surprise only to collide front-to-front with Billy when the seat reached the end of the track and came to a sudden stop. Billy chuckled this time, but only a little, deep and rumbling where their chests were pressed together.

"Could'a gave me a little warning," Steve huffed and, now that the steering wheel wasn't digging into his ass, let himself plop down into Billy's lap properly. And *man* was it exciting to feel that half-hard cock pressed against the underside of his thigh. Billy let out a soft, surprised breath and let his hips lift off the seat a little for a dirty, *dirty* grind of his hips.

"And where's the fun in that?" Billy already sounded fucked out, voice all breathy and deep, eyes half-lidded and dick half-hard. Steve wasn't even really sure what got him all riled up already, his own cock only twitching with anticipation in his sweats.

Now, fully seated in Billy's lap, Steve had about an inch or two of space until his head would (eventually) collide into the ceiling, neck still bent at an odd angle. It was just barely enough room to work, but he didn't doubt he was going to end up hurting himself at some point.

Steve hardly had a moment to think before both of Billy's hands were on his ass, groping, rough and almost painful— *almost*. Steve gasped softly at the sudden onslaught of hands, only for Billy to use that leverage to tip him forward into a kiss, capturing that open mouth with lips and tongue.

The kiss was hot, *needy*, holding true to Billy's earlier declaration. Steve could hardly keep up as Billy absolutely ravaged his mouth, biting at his lips only to suck the hurt away, batting Steve's tongue away with his own any time he tried to return the intensity. This was Billy's show, Steve was just living in it.

It was so all-encompassing that Steve had forgotten about the hands at his rear, was almost numb to them until they let go long enough for Billy to slip beneath the waistband of his sweats *and* his briefs. Steve gasped into the kiss, thankful that Billy ate up the embarrassing little squeak of a sound with his desire to eat Steve alive.

Without even realizing it, Steve's body had started to rock— or, really, it was more of a roll, starting down at his hips. It was slow, maybe even shy, and stuttering, unable to help the way his hips would snap every time the head of his hardening cock would brush the hard plane of Billy's abs through the increasingly annoying layers of clothes between them. Everything was too much and not enough all at once, the barely-there friction overstimulating his sensitive flesh, working him up too, *too* hot.

Steve pulled away from the kiss to catch his breath, huffing bursts of air between them as his lips throbbed from the beating they'd just taken. He could only imagine how Billy felt, could feel the throb of his pulse in his lips each time they kissed. Steve could feel Billy looking at him but Steve couldn't meet his gaze, almost never could with all of its intensity. Instead he settled for looking at Billy's full lips and the cut that marred them, the delicate freckles that dotted the bridge of his nose, the way his golden skin seemed to glow even

in the eerie darkness of the Camaro.

“*Look at me,*” came Billy’s soft, yet somehow firm voice, the most gentle command. So Steve did, slowly raised his gaze until he met that ocean blue that stole his breath away and made his chest tighten like Billy’s strong hands were squeezing his heart.

There was a moment where Steve knew there was something unspoken between them, something they both agreed upon without even having to say. What exactly that thing *was*, Steve wasn’t completely sure, couldn’t quite place his finger on it. But there was a weight there, warm and comforting, their silence speaking clearer than any words they could possibly fumble over.

And then Billy’s eyes were sliding shut so he could capture Steve’s lips in another kiss, tender this time, more of a caress than the animalistic devouring he’d participated in just a few moments ago. It sent Steve’s heart leaping into his throat, his body shuddering with the implication behind all of it, that familiar warm, tingly feeling filling him up from the very center of his being and radiating out like a ripple across water. And for once, that feeling didn’t remind him of Nancy.

Billy seemed to feel it too, or at least Steve liked to think so. Where his hands had fallen idle from groping at his ass, they now squeezed tight, sliding Steve closer, impossibly closer until he had to spread his knees farther apart to accommodate Billy’s girth while Billy’s hips sank lower to fit them together just right.

The tight grip on Steve’s ass loosened so Billy could stroke his hands down Steve’s thighs in one quick motion, pulling with him Steve’s sweats and briefs and leaving his backside exposed to the humid summer air. It was a bit of a relief from the heat that was emanating through the car, between and on and *around* them, but it did little to free his aching erection from its confines.

Steve quivered as the waistband of his sweats caught on his dick, which was now proudly tenting the loose fabric between his legs. This was all too *slow*, his impatience and arousal making him antsy in Billy’s lap. He wanted more, so much more, anything and everything Billy was willing to give him, but Billy’s languid pace did not falter.

The softness behind the way he stroked up and down Steve's exposed thighs was too much, too different from anything they'd done before. It was always heated, stolen kisses laced with alcohol and drugs that kept them going, got them both riled up so quickly that they didn't have the headspace to *think*. But now, in the heated interior of the Camaro, the most sober Steve has ever been with Billy like... like *this*, and all Billy wants to do is *stall*.

And normally, Steve is all for this sort of thing. *Love making*, because he's a hopeless romantic like that even though it usually doesn't do him any good. But his attraction to Billy is so goddamn *visceral*, so beyond anything Steve's less-than-average brain could understand, all he knows is that he *wants* it, that he *needs* it, now, all the time, whenever he can get it.

In an attempt to speed up the process, Steve's hands sprung to action between their bodies, trembling fingers pulling at the button of Billy's too-tight jeans and working the zipper open. It was a desperate, awkward fumble, and before Steve could get too far Billy's hands were catching his wrists, instead bringing them to rest on the broad planes of his firm chest.

It was an easy thing, arching into Billy's mouth as he kissed his way down the column of Steve's throat. They were wet and open-mouthed, each one more than the last, until Billy was blatantly sucking a hickey just below his collarbone, all kinds of obscene sucking noises and Billy's panting breaths filling their hotbox of passion. Steve realized belatedly that Billy had fisted a hand at the hem of his shirt, the material wrapped tight around his knuckles as he pulled it down, keeping the collar out of his way, undoubtedly stretching out the worn cotton.

When Billy pulled away with a wet pop there was a deep, satisfied sigh that followed, hungry blue eyes staring at the spot where Steve imagined little purple-and-yellow pin-pricks were already rising to the surface. He couldn't wait to see it himself, knew he'd stare at it longingly in the mirror after a shower, pressing his fingers into it just to feel the phantom touch of Billy's lips all over again.

Billy licked over the throbbing flesh before giving it a fleeting bite, hips grinding up against Steve's ass with *purpose*. Steve let out a

breathy moan, eyes closed as he moved his own hips in a fluid circle only to snap them back open when Billy let out a stuttering, choked-off sound and let his head thunk back against the headrest. It was a sound Steve had never heard before, different from the usual gruff, husky sounds that Billy let slip free, something more *vulnerable*.

Steve loved it.

So he did it again, kept his eyes trained on Billy's face as he gyrated in his lap, watched the way his jaw hung slack as he made the sound again, Adam's apple bobbing in his throat enticingly. Steve's eyes nearly rolled into the back of his skull as he felt Billy's thick cock twitch in the confines of his jeans, pressed right up against Steve's left ass cheek, rock hard and *trapped*. All because of *him*. Steve wasn't even close to naked, hadn't so much as touched Billy's dick other than their salacious grinding, and it already felt like Billy was ready to *burst*.

Billy's tongue lolled past his lips with the third grind, and Steve was right there to catch it, pressing it back into Billy's mouth with his own tongue as he brought their lips together for another kiss. The contact seemed to snap Billy out of his stupor, flinging himself back into action as his hands slid farther down Steve's thighs, effectively bunching up Steve's sweatpants and briefs around his knees.

Despite Billy's frantic movements he was surprisingly gentle as he cupped the back of one of Steve's knees, fingers squeezed between the humid crease there. He guided Steve's knee up just enough so that he could slip both layers around the curve of his knee, repeating the process with the other until he had Steve naked from the waist-down, sweats and briefs bunched up around his ankles, caught on his sneakers.

Being the only one naked-- or, mostly naked, left Steve feeling exposed, the rough scrape of denim between his thighs not exactly unwelcome but certainly *overwhelming*. His skin felt hyper-sensitive with all of the adrenaline and arousal pumping through his veins, and even though the drag was rough and borderline unpleasant, Steve couldn't help but squeeze his thighs tight around Billy's hips so he could rock against the scrape of his jeans.

An audible gasp escaped Steve's lips as his balls dragged against abrasive denim, the head of his cock bumping against the exposed flesh of Billy's abdomen with a wet sound that made Steve cringe. He peered down at the wet spot he'd left behind, glossy between the parted fabric of Billy's crimson shirt and a true testament to the embarrassing wetness Steve produced when he was with Billy.

And Steve, well, he always kind of produced *extra*, could leave a stain in his underwear without having to cream them. But what Billy did to him-- god, it was unreal. Billy got him dripping like a damn faucet, got him hornier than any girl ever could. And, wow, that was a thought that hadn't occurred to him in forever, not since Billy-- *girls*. Steve couldn't remember the last time he ogled a girl or thought about one with his hand down his pants. Jesus, even his dreams as of late were all Billy, Billy, *Billy*. And now, with Billy in front of him, Steve wasn't so sure any girl could ever be as pretty as him, could never even compare, could never be *good enough*.

"Like what you see?" Billy asked all sultry and suggestive, a cocky grin plastered on his face like he'd just caught Steve doing something embarrassing; which, he kind of had, because Steve was pretty sure he'd been staring all slack-jawed and hungry like every girl in Hawkins that first day Billy rolled into town.

Steve could hardly blame them, now.

Forgetting that Billy had even spoken to him, Steve was brought back to the present by Billy's hands squeezing his thighs and the provocative roll of his hips, Steve's eyes naturally falling south to find Billy's bulge straining against his zipper, twitching invitingly beneath the fabric, the fat head pulsing larger with Billy's flex.

"Yeah, *fuck* yeah," Steve finally whispered in answer, albeit a little late, as his hands reached for Billy's zipper. Steve worked him out of his jeans with gentle but eager fingers, Billy hissing through his teeth with a buck of his hips at the initial contact. It made Steve's own cock bob eagerly between his legs, and once he worked Billy free he started up a slow rhythm with his hand, moaning softly under his breath as he watched Billy's foreskin reveal the red tip of his cock with each downstroke.

Too concentrated on his own task, Steve was oblivious as Billy ripped the center console open once more and dug around for the proper supplies; didn't even notice the packet of lube that fell between them or the way Billy savagely ripped it open with his teeth. No, Steve was too *enamoured* with the feel of Billy's cock in his hand, eyes trained on the glistening head with his tongue peeking out like he wanted to lick it clean.

It wasn't until the cool, slick feeling of lube-drenched fingers at his entrance that Steve caught up with the game. He startled a little in Billy's lap at the feeling, but Billy's free hand was still gripping at Steve's right thigh, keeping him rooted in place as Billy smeared lube all over Steve's hole before the tip of his middle finger slowly started to sink in.

Steve's lips parted on a silent moan as he arched forward until their chests were pressed together, Steve's ass juttied up into the air slightly with his arm trapped between them where he still held onto Billy's cock, free hand gripping at Billy's shoulder tighter and tighter as his finger slipped deeper and deeper. Steve pressed his forehead into the headrest of Billy's seat, blonde curls tickling at his lips and nose.

Billy turned his head just slightly so that his lips were pressed to the shell of Steve's ear, a shaky groan escaping his lips as he pulled his finger nearly all the way out and sunk it back into the last knuckle. The glide was easy, easier than the first time, and Steve wondered if--

"You been playing with yourself?" Billy whispered in his ear, all wicked and on the edge of a grin. It made Steve shudder, muscles tightening around Billy's finger with the thrill of being *caught*. Not that Steve had been *hiding* the fact that he may have started fingering himself, like, *every* single time he jerked off now, that it was the only damn way he could ever even get off anymore. God, Billy was *ruining* him.

"*Yeah*," Steve murmured, voice tight and breathless as that initial feeling of being stretched ebbed away into the pleasant drag of Billy's finger, in and out, in and out.

Steve could *feel* Billy's cock twitch in his hand at the confession, a thick glob of pre rolling onto Steve's fingertips eagerly. And then

Billy was teasing a second finger at his hole, poking and prodding until it slipped in alongside the second like Steve was made to take it.

The feeling was still a little uncomfortable, stretching him just a bit more, pulling him tight around Billy's fingers again. But then Billy opened his mouth, voice rough like gravel and *strained*, like he was holding back from forcing Steve to take his cock as is.

"You think about me, baby?" Billy practically growled in his ear, fingers pumping hard and fast as Steve's body throbbed with arousal at the words. "D'you dream about my cock while you *fuck* yourself?"

"Yes!" The word was out before Steve could even process that he was speaking, hips already rocking back on Billy's fingers for more. "Yes, Billy, always think about you...", Steve said on a sigh, face heating up at just how true those words were.

Billy only groaned in response, deep and guttural, almost as if he were in pain. Then he was curling his fingers, knuckles grinding against Steve's insides as he twisted them at the perfect angle, striking that magical spot inside him that had Steve crying out into the cabin of Billy's Camaro, thighs trembling with the effort to fuck himself onto Billy's fingers desperately. But Billy was already straightening his fingers out again, avoiding that spot to slip his index finger in alongside middle and ring.

Steve groaned at the stretch, the hand still wrapped around Billy's cock subconsciously squeezing tight at the head until Billy was hissing in his ear, hips stuttering like he didn't know if he wanted to fuck up into Steve's fist or shy away.

"*Fuck*, pretty boy," Billy groaned through clenched teeth, sounding absolutely *wrecked*, fucking *whimpering* when Steve loosened his grip with a giggly 'sorry' on his lips.

For a few moments, Billy kept his fingers seated there, stretching Steve three-wide as Billy caught his breath. Steve felt like his whole body was vibrating with arousal, the tight circle of his rim throbbing around Billy's fingers, *begging* Billy with his body to keep going. After a few more deep breaths, Billy obliged, pulling his fingers apart to stretch Steve even farther before doing that amazing curl-and-twist of

his fingers that had Steve seeing stars.

"*Billy*," Steve wheezed, only to let out an embarrassing, high-pitched sound as Billy did it again, and again, and a-fucking-gain, until Steve's mouth was hanging open like a needy slut, hips rutting forward to grind his cock alongside Billy's, against the hard plane of his abs, his own precum mixing with Billy's on his knuckles.

And then it was like the rubber band around Billy's patience had snapped, his fingers giving a few more harsh thrusts, a few more quick stretches, before he was pulling them free. He planted a hand firmly on Steve's chest and pushed him away until he was sitting up straight again, neck craned to keep from hitting his head as Billy lifted his hips and shimmied his jeans down farther on his hips. Steve would have laughed at the obvious struggle (seriously, where did Billy even *get* jeans that tight?) if he wasn't so turned on, wasn't so drawn in by the defined cut of Billy's pelvis like he was some resurrection of Adonis himself.

"You ready for me, *King Steve*?" Billy purred like a big cat on the prowl, knocking Steve's hand away from his cock to replace it with his own lube-slick one, giving himself a few quick, firm strokes. And even though Steve wasn't really the biggest fan of his former moniker, it felt right being called king again, sitting on Billy's thighs--atop his new throne.

And with all the swagger of a king, Steve dragged his eyes up the length of Billy's body, from the hard line of his cock, up the shiny expanse of his stomach, the tense muscles of his pecs, those plump lips, swollen from kisses and fists, until he finally reached ocean blue, nearly swallowed whole by the blown spheres of his pupils. Steve bit his lip and fixed Billy with a half-lidded stare, cock twitching between his legs as he felt Billy reposition his own cock to brush the head against Steve's rim.

"Born ready."

Okay, *cheesy*, but Billy didn't seem to mind, a smirk painting his lips as the hand still planted on Steve's thigh slid up to grasp his hip, using the leverage to guide him down until the tip started to breach. Right away Steve's brow pinched, mouth falling open in a slack 'o' as

he sunk down on Billy's cock, breath caught in his throat as his mind got stuck on a loop of *so full* and *Billy* and *god, yes, more*.

Steve wasn't sure when he'd closed his eyes, but when he opened them Billy was grinning, murmuring a soft '*oh, yeah?*', and fuck, he might have actually said all those things out loud. He could feel the flush splotching up his neck and chest deepening, his cheeks getting hotter by the second. But there was no judgement in Billy's eyes or the slant of his lips. If anything, Billy almost looked *fond*, staring up at Steve with his undivided attention.

It was almost too much, was always almost too much, having Billy's attention on him like that. So Steve arched his hips up in Billy's loose grip, let him slip out *just* a little before he snapped back down, a strangled cry escaping his lips as the last half of Billy's fat cock sank deep inside him, filling him beyond belief.

And, *fuck*, if that didn't sting. It was too much, too quick, and yet Steve couldn't help but gyrate his hips, wiggling around to feel the stretch, the *burn*. In a lot of ways, Billy was teaching Steve things about himself, whether he realized it or not, and this? This was one of those things; that Steve liked a little bit of pain mixed with his pleasure, liked feeling every inch of Billy forcing him open, making room for himself in more places than one.

Steve gasped as a particular grind of his hips sent pleasure shooting right up his spine, and then the rough callouses of Billy's fingers gripping his jaw had him snapping back to reality, unfocused gaze zeroing in on Billy's snarling face. The grip was tight, biting, sending goosebumps shivering down Steve's neck. He panted softly as Billy squeezed tighter and shook his head a little and, oh shit, Billy was talking, wasn't he?

"*I said*," Billy growled, a threatening edge to his voice, though the tone completely contradicted what he'd been trying to say while Steve was blissed out on cock, "look so good on my cock, baby. You like that?"

And really, Steve was completely incapable of words right now. He opened his mouth as if to answer, but all that came out was a pathetic moan, all high-pitched and desperate like Billy fucking broke

him; which, to be fair, he kind of *did*. Steve felt like his wires we all crossed, firing off impulses or just burning out completely. So Steve leaned forward instead, caught Billy's lips in a sloppy kiss and let Billy guide his hips until his back was arched, cock slipping free just a few inches, just enough to give him enough room to work with.

Steve heard the heavy thud of Billy's boots as he planted his feet more firmly, sunk a little further into his seat and then it was all over. Those powerful hips were pumping up into him without remorse, his head snapping back to break their kiss and shout up at the ceiling as Billy fucked him like a man possessed.

It was overwhelming at first, until it wasn't. Before Steve knew it his hips were following Billy's lead, smacking down hard with every thrust upward, raising up as Billy pulled back. It was like they were in unison, Billy's soft grunts and gasps for air matching each of Steve's punched-out moans. Billy was gripping at his ass now, fingernails digging into the flesh as he pushed and pulled Steve's body to the rhythm, the sounds of their sex loud in the confines of the Camaro, fogging up the windows despite the sticky summer air.

Distantly, Steve registered the wet glide of Billy's tongue on his neck, biting and sucking until Steve felt like he was one big bruise. Suddenly realizing he was taking more than he was giving, Steve's hand scrambled into action, pushing at Billy's shirt and jacket until they parted, the last few snaps up his shirt coming undone as Steve forced the material over his shoulders and down his biceps.

Steve felt a bit like a leech when he got his mouth wrapped around Billy's shoulder, sucking at the salty dampness of Billy's sweat, eager to leave his own mark. He felt more than heard the sound that left the boy below him, rumbling through Billy's chest and against Steve's lips, tingling all over. The *slap, slap, slap* of their hips meeting was obscene in the best way, had Steve leaking against Billy's abs desperately.

"Fuck yeah, Billy," Steve whispered as his spit-slick lips found Billy's ear, sucking the lobe between his lips before biting the cartilage, tongue laving at whatever he could reach. He felt possessed by his desire, body moving of its own volition as he scraped his fingernails over Billy's nipples, grinning against his ear as Billy sputtered and

jerked at the sensation. He did it again, dug his nails into the pert buds before pinching both between thumb and forefinger, *twisting* until Billy sounded like he was *choking*, strong hands pulling Steve down on a particularly hard thrust and holding him there.

Steve mewled like a slut, *right* into Billy's ear, and then the hands on his ass were at his shoulders, shoving him back so hard that his back hit the steering wheel, the sudden shrill sound of the horn honking startling them both. The absurdity of it all had them both cracking up, Steve lying back against the steering wheel, Billy sunken down into the driver's seat, mouths turned up and eyes crinkling as they giggled and giggled.

And for a moment, it felt like *love*.

The booming of Billy's deep laugh warmed Steve from the inside, deep in his bones and around his heart. The way Billy's hands had turned gentle in their fumble, caressing Steve's hips now more than squeezing. The way Billy's face softened when Steve ran his fingertips up the length of his forearms, catching where Billy's sleeves had bunched up to finish pulling the fabric the rest of the way, revealing corded muscle and the blue tint of veins beneath the skin.

Billy followed suit, grabbing the hem of Steve's tee with one hand, pushing it up, up, until he was stuffing the end in Steve's mouth, keeping him on display, silencing his giggles as the same hand trailed back down the length of his torso, teasing a nipple with his thumb on his way down. Steve arched into the touch and moaned softly into the material of his shirt, eyelids fluttering as Billy tugged gently at the hair on his chest.

When Billy started pumping his hips again it was slower this time, more precise, and even though Billy couldn't quite get as *deep* at this angle, he could hammer Steve's prostate like a jackhammer.

Steve's entire face went slack, head tipping back over the top of the steering wheel to moan unabashedly into the night, the hem of his shirt nearly falling past his lips before he managed to hook his tongue around the seam and bite down. With his teeth clenched tight around cotton, Steve could only whimper on every thrust, body coiling tighter and tighter as pleasure threatened to shake him apart.

As Steve scrambled to grab onto something, *anything* to ground him against this feeling, he felt Billy grip onto his biceps, pulling Steve just far enough away from the steering wheel that he wouldn't get friction burns on his back as Billy used the leverage to once again pull Steve's body down to meet each of his thrusts.

Steve was pretty sure his brain was melting out of his ears.

"Fuck!" Steve *screamed* as he shook in Billy's arms, the hem of his shirt nearly spitting out from between his lips with the word. He twisted his wrists around to latch onto Billy's arms, fingernails immediately biting into the skin. He was close, *so* close, and judging by the concentrated look on Billy's face, he was fighting off his orgasm to get Steve there.

"*Baby*," Steve moaned, voice cracking and hitching up a few octaves with his impending orgasm, and then, "baby, baby, baby!" in quick succession.

Billy let out an animalistic groan, reminding Steve of the lions at the Indianapolis Zoo. His teeth were bared like one, too, when Steve was finally able to lift his head and look Billy in the eye. He looked *mean* like this, the phantom of a bruise forming on his cheek, bottom lip slightly swollen from the cut there, eyebrows knit together tight.

God, it was so fucking *hot*.

"You close, princess?" Billy growled, pinning Steve back against the steering wheel again so he could free up one of his hands, trailing it down Steve's torso similarly to how he had before. Steve could only nod his head frantically, not sure why Billy even had to ask.

Steve's stomach and cock were obscenely wet from the precum he'd been leaking practically non-stop since this all started, the wetness running all the way down to his balls, tickling his taint. Normally he'd be embarrassed by it, still kind of was, but mostly it just turned him on, made him feel like a needy slut for Billy Hargrove.

"*Yeahh*, you are," Billy rumbled, dragging out the 'yeah' on a groan. His eyes fell to where Steve's cock was bobbing gently against his belly, sticky strings of precum making a goopy mess like gum on a

hot sidewalk.

Billy licked his lips in that indecent way he always did, starting with one corner and working his way around. It made Steve's abs flex, his cock jumping away from his belly eagerly in anticipation of Billy's next move. Steve whimpered, pleading, seconds away from just saying *fuck it* and grabbing his own cock--

It only took two strokes, *up-down up-down*, before Steve's eyes were rolling back into his head, nails scratching deep, red lines down Billy's arms as he painted his chest and Billy's fist white. He couldn't hear anything over the blood rushing in his ears as his orgasm wrung him out like a wet towel, but judging by the way his throat felt like he'd just swallowed hot coals he must have been screaming.

When Billy stills inside him, Steve barely has the mental capacity to realize he wants to see this, wants to see Billy's face as he empties inside him.

Steve jerked his head up and looked at Billy, *really* looked at him, and what he gets is so much more than he bargained for.

Somehow, Billy's eyes aren't pinched shut like Steve always does when he's shooting his brains out his dick. No, they're open, staring right at Steve, all shiny and... and *vulnerable*. There are a lot of different emotions that Steve thought he could see (he's very aware that he could just be seeing what he *wants* to see, ergo *Nancy Wheeler 2.0*), and not all of them good.

Fear, anger-- no, disappointment.

God, if Steve had a dollar for every time someone looked at him like that.

But also, there's almost a little... relief. Like Billy just told his biggest secret and it felt *good* to finally get it off his chest.

And Steve might have been grasping at straws, but once all the bad sheds off of him, Billy almost looked like he could...

Fuck, like he could love Steve.

Steve lost his breath all at once, punched out of him so quickly he had to grip Billy tighter just to stay up. And then Billy made this noise, breathy and startled and it was probably just the last shocks of his orgasm hitting him, that last little *oomf* that felt the best of it all before it was over, but for some reason it had Steve swallowing around a lump in his throat and nodding his head like *yeah, me too*.

And then it was over, Billy sagged against the seat, eyes falling shut in one, two, three slow, lazy blinks. He was panting and sweaty and Steve hadn't even taken a breath yet, couldn't take a breath as he practically watched the tape rewind back in his own head. Pause. Play.

Bullshit, bullshit, bullshit.

Steve took a breath loud enough that Billy jumped, eyes snapping open and looking up at him like, *you so dumb you forgot to breathe?*

Billy opened his mouth, maybe tried to say something, but Steve didn't give him the chance.

Steve lifted himself up, braining himself on the ceiling with a curse, and both of them cringed as Billy's softening cock slipped out, cum almost immediately running down Steve's thighs. He tried to grab for the door handle, fingers trembling for a lot of different reasons, but Billy stopped him, grabbed him by the wrist and yanked him down way too hard with how weak Steve felt. They both grunted as Steve fell onto Billy's chest heavily, a disgusting amount of cum making a mess of the both of them.

The cum, however, was the least of Steve's worries. He was more worried about the impending doom settling over them, about the *bullshit* and the suffocating feeling of his own lies.

Of the dark forest, creeping up around them.

"*Steve!*" Billy screamed in his face, or more like *barked*, and suddenly the dark spots weren't dotting the corners of his vision anymore.

Slowly, Steve realized that his breathing was out of control, heart hammering in his chest so hard that it physically *hurt*. He shook

against Billy for a moment, eyes squeezed shut and mouth so achingly dry. Had he... almost had a panic attack?

Like a button had been pressed, Steve opened his eyes again when Billy placed a hand on his cheek, and this time there was no confusing what Steve saw there.

Concern. Billy Hargrove looked fucking *concerned* for him.

“Are you okay?” Billy murmured, soft and sweet this time, face pinched into a frown as Steve blinked a teardrop onto his cheek.

And for once, Steve thought he might be okay one day.

“*Yeah*,” Steve whispered back, eyes closing as another tear rolled down his cheek, though no sobs shook his body, “*yeah, I’m okay.*”

Author's Note:

wow that got kinda dark??? honestly wasn't expecting that myself.

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